

The Musical World.

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HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL will be held in the Cathedral and Shire Hall, on August 21st and three following days, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy of the Diocese of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester. Under the especial patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. Principal Vocalists—Madame Grisi, Madame Clara Novello, Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby, Miss Moss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Mario, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. H. Barby, and Mr. Weiss.—Programmes forwarded on application to Mr. G. Townshend Smith, Conductor.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in Aid of the Funds of the General Hospital, on the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st days of August next. Principal vocalists:—Mad. Grisi, Mdle. Angiolina Bosio, Mad. Rudersdorff, and Mad. Castellani, Miss Dolby, and Mad. Viardot Garcia; Signor Mario, Signor Gardoni, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Lablache, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Fornes. Organist, Mr. Stimpson. Conductor, Mr. Costa.

Outline of the Performances:

Tuesday Morning.—Elijah, Mendelssohn.
Wednesday Morning.—Eli, an Oratorio composed expressly for this Festival, the words written by W. Bartholemew—Costa.

Thursday Morning.—Messiah, Handel.
Friday Morning.—The Mount of Olives, Beethoven; the Requiem, Mozart; A Selection from Israel in Egypt, Handel.

Tuesday Evening.—Grand Concert, comprising Overture, Ray Blas—Mendelssohn; Cautata, Leonora—Macfarren; Overture, Der Freischütz—Weber; Selections from Operas, &c.; Overture, Masaniello—Auber; Finale, Froghiera, Mossé in Egitto—Rossini.

Wednesday Evening.—Grand Concert, comprising Symphony in A Major—Mendelssohn; Overture, Leonora—Beethoven; Finale, Lorely—Mendelssohn; Selections from Les Huguenots, &c.—Meyerbeer; Priests' March, Athalie—Mendelssohn.

Thursday Evening.—Grand Concert, comprising Pastoral Symphony—Beethoven; Finale, L'Invocation all' Armonia—H. R. H. Prince Albert; Overture, Guillaume Tell—Rossini; Selections from Le Prophète, L'Etoile du Nord, &c.—Meyerbeer; Overture, Ruler of the Spirits—Weber.

Friday Evening.—A Full Dress Ball.

Parties requiring programmes of the performances may have them forwarded by post, or may obtain them (with any other information desired) on application to Mr. Henry Howell, Secretary to the Committee, 34, Bennett's-hill, Birmingham. J. F. LEDSAM, Chairman.

R. S. PRATTEN'S PERFECTED FLUTE (on the old system of fingering.) This instrument is universally acknowledged to possess the most powerful tone, combined with perfect intonation, sweetness, and ease to the performer. Prospectus and testimonials on application to John Hudson, Manufacturer, 3, Rathbone-place.

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PORTRAIT OF MR. COSTA.—Just published, a full-length portrait of Mr. Costa, drawn from life, and beautifully executed on stone by C. Bauguet. Price to subscribers (proof impressions with autograph), 6s. Orders should be given immediately, to secure early impressions. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

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THE ORGAN.—On Monday next, 13th of August, will be issued Hopkins and Rimbault's long-expected and elaborate work, THE ORGAN; its History and Construction. Price to subscribers, 21s.; to non-subscribers, 31s. 6d. Subscribers are requested (where necessary) to forward to the publishers their present address. N.B. Post Office Orders should be made payable at the Post Office, Piccadilly.—London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, Music Publishers to their Majesties Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon III.

TO LEADERS OF BANDS, &c. The Band Parts of Tinney's New Valse, "THE FENELLA," are published this day. Price 5s. Septet, 3s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

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OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 498.)

PART II.

For the so-called Romansh nations of Europe, among whom the unlimited Quixotism of the romance—mixing up all the Germanic and Romansh elements confusedly with each other—had raged the most fiercely, this self-same romance had become most incapable of being dramatised. The impulse, out of the concentrated inwardness of human existence, to fashion the motley impressions of its former fantastic humour into decided, and clear shapes, was manifested almost solely among the Germanic nations, who transformed the inward war against torturing external laws into a Protestant fact. The Romansh nations, which remained externally under the yoke of Catholicism, continued to maintain themselves in that direction, in which they sought refuge, without, from internal division, in order—as I expressed myself—to divert themselves from without, in an inward direction. The plastic art, and an order of poetry, which—descriptively—was equal to it, in essence, if not in utterance, are the arts, diverting, entrancing, and amusing from without, peculiar to these nations.

The educated Italian and Frenchman turned from the people's play at home; in its rude simplicity and want of form it reminded them of the complete chaos of the Middle Ages, which they were then striving to shake off as if it were some heavy, harassing dream. Going back, on the other hand, to the historical roots of their respective languages, they selected from the Roman poets, the literary imitators of the Greeks, models also for the drama, which they offered for the amusement of the elegant and aristocratic world, in the place of the popular play, which now amused only the people. Painting and architecture, the principal arts of the Romansh Renaissance, had developed the eye of the aforesaid aristocratic world to such a degree of taste and pretention, that the rude scaffolding of planks, hung round with tapestry, of the British stage, could not content it. The players obtained in the palaces of Princes the magnificent hall, as their stage, on which, with slight modifications, they had to represent their scene. The stability of the scene was fixed on as the restrictive and principal requirement of the whole drama, and in this the tendency adopted by the taste of the aristocratic world met the modern origin of the Drama presented to them—namely, the rules of Aristotle. The princely spectator, whose eye had been made, by plastic art, his principal organ for positive enjoyment, did not like to have this very sense, of all others, blindfolded, in order to render it subservient to the imagination, which was eyeless, and he was the more averse to such a course because, on principle, he avoided the excitement of the imagination, that was undecided, and delighted in the forms of the Middle Ages. He must have been offered the possibility of seeing the scene, on every occasion that the drama required a change in it, represented, strictly according to the subject, with pictorial and plastic exactitude, in order to be induced to allow such a change. It was not, however, necessary to require, in this case, what was subsequently rendered possible by the mixing-up of the dramatic tendencies, because the Aristotelean rules, according to which this fictitious drama was constructed, insisted upon the unity of the scene as a most important condition of the drama. It was, therefore, precisely that which the Briton, in his organic creation of the drama from within, yet disregarded as being of outward moment, which became the law, fashioning from without, of the French drama, which thus endeavoured to construct itself out of mechanism into life.

It is here important that we should carefully note how this external unity of the scene determined the whole bearing of the French drama, so that the representation of the action was almost entirely excluded from the stage, while, in its stead, the delivery of the words was alone admitted. Thus, the romance, puffed out with action, which was the poetical basis of the life of the Middle Ages as well as of more recent times, must, on

principle, be excluded from representation upon this stage, because it was simply impossible to produce its many membered subjects without frequent change of scene. It was, therefore, necessary to borrow from the models which had decided the French dramatic poet in his choice of the form, not only the outward form, but the whole arrangement of the action, and, finally, even the very subject of it. He was obliged to select subjects which did not require to be condensed by him to a narrower standard, suitable for dramatic representation, but such as were already contained in such a compass and ready to his hand.

The Greek poets culled, from their native traditions, subjects of this kind which were the very essence of those traditions; the modern dramatist, starting from the outward rules borrowed from these poems, could not compress the poetical vital element of his time, only to be mastered by the exactly opposite course adopted by Shakspeare, to a sufficient degree of compactness, for it to satisfy the outward standard applied to it, and, therefore, nothing was left him except the—naturally *distorting*—imitation and repetition of the above dramas, that were already written. Thus, in Racine's "Tragédie" we have, upon the stage language, and behind the scenes action; motives with movement separated from them and laid beyond their sphere; the will without the power. All art was, therefore, expended in the *outwardness of the language*, which, quite consistently, in Italy (whence the new style of art proceeded) was immediately lost in that musical mode of delivery, with which, as the substance, properly so speaking, of the operatic system, we have already become more nearly acquainted. French tragedy, also, passed, of necessity, into opera; Gluck expressed the true substance of this system of tragedy. Opera was thus the precocious blossom of an unripe fruit, that had grown upon unnatural and artificial soil. The element with which the Italian and French drama began, namely, external form, is that which the drama of more modern times has yet to achieve, through an organic development from within itself, in the track of the Shakspearean drama, and it is not until it has done so that the natural fruit of the musical drama will ever ripen.

Between these two extreme opposites, the *Shakspearean* and the *Racinian* drama, the modern drama now arose, and grew up to its mongrel, unnatural shape, *Germany* being the soil which nourished it.

Romansh Catholicism here continued, equal in strength, side by side with German Protestantism, but both were involved in so violent a conflict with each other, that, remaining undecided as it did, despite its violence, no natural blossom of art resulted from it. The inward impulse, which, with the Briton, was directed to the dramatic representation of the historic narrative and the romance, was stopped, in the case of the German Protestant, by the obstinate endeavour to settle the inward dissension inwardly. We have Luther, who, it is true, raised himself in art to the height of the religious lyric, but we possess no Shakspeare. The Roman Catholic South could, however, never soar to the genial, light-minded forgetfulness of the inward strife, in which the Romansh nations gave promise of plastic art, but kept guard over its religion with gloomy seriousness. While all Europe threw itself into the arms of art, Germany remained a meditating barbarian. That only which had outlived itself abroad sought refuge in Germany, and blossomed again to a second summer on its soil. English actors, deprived of their bread by the representatives of Shakspeare's dramas at home, came over to Germany, for the purpose of playing off their grotesque pantomimic tricks before the people there; it was not until long subsequently, when it had faded in England, that the Shakspearean drama itself followed; German actors, fleeing from the discipline of their dreary dramatic schoolmasters, possessed themselves of it, and adapted it for their own use.

It was from the south, on the other hand, that opera, that outlet of the Romansh drama, had forced its way in. Its aristocratic origin in the palaces of princes, was its recommendation in the eyes of German princes, so that it was they who introduced opera in Germany, while—we must particularly observe—the Shakspearean drama was brought over by the people. In opera, the most luxurious and elaborately elegant scenic decora-

tions formed a most perfect contrast to the scenic deficiencies of the Shakspearean stage. The musical drama really and truly became a "show-play," while the latter remained a "play for the ears." It is not necessary for us to investigate here again the reason of this scenic extravagance in the operatic system: this loose kind of drama was constructed from without, and only from without, by luxury and magnificence, could it be kept alive. But it is important to remark how this scenic pomp, with the most unheard-of motley and elaborately varied change of scenic effects presented to the eye, arose out of that dramatic tendency for which unity had originally been laid down as a law. It was not the poet—who, while compressing the romance into the drama, still left the varied nature of his subject in so far unlimited, to be able to change, for its benefit, the scene quickly and often, by an appeal to the imagination—it was not the poet, who, abandoning this appeal to the imagination for the confirmation, of the senses, invented the refined system of mechanism for the change of scenes actually represented, but it was the desire for outward amusement that was ever changing, mere eye-curiosity, which produced it. Had the poet invented this apparatus, we should be obliged to presume that he had experienced the necessity of a frequent change of scene, as inherent to the varied nature of the matter of the drama itself; since the poet, as we have seen, constructed organically from within to without, it would be proved, by such a presumption, that historical and romantic variety in the subject was a necessary condition of the drama, for only the inflexible necessity of this condition could have induced him to satisfy the exigencies of the varied nature of the matter by the invention of a scenic system, by which this variety of the matter would of necessity be displayed as a motley, diverting variety of scene as well. But the exact contrary was the case. Shakspeare felt impelled by the necessity of representing the historical story and the romance; in his fresh zeal to respond to this impulse, the feeling of the necessity for a representation, true to nature, of the scene, did not yet enter his mind—had he experienced this necessity for the completely convincing representation of dramatic action, he would have sought to satisfy it by a far stricter sifting and greater compression of the varied nature of the subject of the romance, and that, too, precisely in the same manner that he had already compressed the scene of action and its duration, as well as, on their account, the varied nature of the subject. The impossibility of compressing the romance still more, an impossibility over which he would infallibly have stumbled, must then have enlightened him so far as to the nature of the romance as to prove to him that it did not, in truth, agree with that of the drama, a discovery which we were first enabled to make, when the undramatic qualities of the extensiveness of the historical subject struck us from the realisation of the scene, which, from the fact that it required to be *intimated* only, alone enabled Shakspeare to realise the dramatic romance.

The necessity for a representation of the scene corresponding to the place in which the action took place, could not, at last, fail to be experienced; the stage of the Middle Ages had to disappear and make way for that of modern times. In Germany, it was fixed by the character of the histrionic art of the people, which, also, after the dying-out of the old Passion-Plays and Mysteries, borrowed its foundation from the historical tale and romance. At the time when German histrionic art soared up—about the middle of the last century—this foundation was composed of the romances of domestic life,* which then suited the popular feeling. It was unmeasurably more flexible, and, moreover, far less rich in matter than the historical or legendary romance at Shakspeare's disposal; a satisfactory representation of the local scene could, therefore, be realised at a far less expense than that necessary for the Shakspearean dramatising of the romance. Those pieces of Shakspeare, consequently, adopted by the actors before-mentioned, were, in order to be representable by them, of necessity subjected to the most restrictive system of remodelling. I shall here pass over all the reasons in accordance with which this remodelling was conducted, excepting one only; that of the purely scenic requirements, because it is at

present the most important one for the object of my investigation. The players in question, who first transplanted Shakspeare upon the German stage, proceeded so honestly in the spirit of their art, that it never struck them to render his pieces producible either by accompanying the frequent change of place in them with a varied change of their own theatrical scene itself, or, out of respect for the poet, by renouncing the actual representation of the scene altogether, and returning to the sceneless stage of the Middle Ages, but they retained the position their art had already assumed, and rendered Shakspeare's diversity of scene in so far subordinate to it, as altogether to omit scenes that did not strike them as important, while they amalgamated others of more consequence. It was from a literary point of view that people became aware how much of the work of Shakspearean art was lost in this process, and insisted upon restoring in representation the original proportions of the pieces, two opposite propositions being made on the subject. The one, not carried out, was Tieck's. Tieck, fully appreciating the principle of the Shakspearean drama, demanded the restoration of the Shakspearean stage, with the appeal to the imagination as the scene. This demand was perfectly logical, and founded upon the spirit of the Shakspearean drama. If a half measure of restoration has always been unfruitful in history, a radical one, on the contrary, has proved impossible. Tieck was a radical restorer, and, as such, to be respected, but he possessed no influence. The second proposition was to arrange the immense machinery of the operatic stage for the representation of the Shakspearean drama by the faithful realisation of the frequently changing scene, originally only intimated by the poet. On the more modern English stage, the Shakspearean scene was translated into the most actual reality; mechanism had invented miracles for the rapid change of the most elaborately constructed scenes, while the march of armies and battles were rendered with astounding exactitude. This course was imitated upon the large German theatres.

The modern poet stood inquiringly, and confused, before this style of play. The Shakspearean drama had produced upon him, in a literary point of view, the elevating impression of the most perfect poetical unity; as long as it had merely appealed to his imagination, the latter had been capable of culling from it an harmonious and well-defined picture, which the poet now beheld fade completely from before his eyes, in the fulfilment of the wish, necessarily once again aroused, of seeing this picture realised to the senses, by a complete representation. The realised picture of the imagination had only shown him an endless mass of realities and actions, out of which his confused eye was totally unable to reconstruct the picture drawn by his imagination. The experiment produced upon him two principal results, both of which were manifested in his being undeceived with regard to the Shakspearean drama. The poet either renounced, henceforth, the wish to see his dramas represented on the stage, in order once again to imitate undisturbedly, and according to his mental views, the picture his imagination had drawn from the Shakspearean drama, that is to say: he wrote literary dramas for silent perusal—or, in order to realise practically upon the stage the picture of his imagination, turned, more or less involuntarily, to the reflected form of the drama whose modern origin we have had to acknowledge in the antiquising drama, constructed according to the rules of Aristotle.

Both these results and tendencies are the fashioning motives in the works of the two most considerable dramatic poets of modern days—*Goethe* and *Schiller*, whom I must here consider more nearly, as far as it is requisite for me to do, for the purpose of my investigation.

Goethe commenced his career as a dramatic poet by dramatising a full-blood romance of German knight-errantry—*Götz von Berlichingen*. The Shakspearean mode of proceeding was most faithfully followed in it, the romance, with all its points being translated for the stage with as much detail as the narrow limits of the latter and the compressed period of dramatic representation would permit. *Goethe* hit, however, even in this instance, on the stage where the *locale* of the action was, in accordance with its requirements, represented, although roughly and scantily, at least with a decided purpose. This circumstance

* *Bürgerlicher Roman*.

induced the poet to remodel his poem, composed more from a literary than a scenico-dramatic point of view, prejudicially for its actual representation upon the stage; through the last form, given it out of consideration for the requirements of the scene, the poem lost the freshness of the romance without gaining the strength of the drama instead.

Göthe now selected for his dramas subjects from the romance of domestic life. The characteristic element of the *romance of domestic life* consists in the fact that the action on which it is founded is perfectly separated from the more comprehensive connection of historical events and relations, retains only the social precipitate of these historical events as conditional adjuncts, and, within the limits of these adjuncts, which in reality are only the reaction of the said historical occurrences deadened so as to become colourless, develops itself more according to moods imperatively enjoined by these adjuncts, than according to inward motives capable of perfect plastic utterance. This action is just as limited and poor as the moods of mind by which it is called forth are devoid of freedom and independent inwardness. The dramatisation of them, however, suited the mental point of view of the public, as, also, the outward possibility of the scenic representation, because, in no instance did necessities for the practical *mise-en-scène* arise out of the scanty action, which the *mise-en-scène* was not fundamentally able to satisfy. Whatever a mind like Göthe's produced under such limitations, we must look upon as having proceeded almost solely out of the necessity he felt for subordination, under certain restrictive maxims, to the realisation of the drama generally, and certainly less from a voluntary subjection under the limited spirit of the action of the domestic drama, and the feelings of the public who patronised him. From this restriction, however, Göthe freed himself and revelled in the most unbridled liberty, by completely renouncing the real stage-drama. In his plan of *Faust* he only retained the advantages of a dramatic representation for the literary poem, leaving, on purpose, the possibility of the scenic production completely out of the question. In this poem, Göthe struck, for the first time, with full consciousness, the key-note of the peculiar poetical element of the present day: *the pressing-forward of thought into reality*, which he could solve artistically, though not yet in the reality of the drama. This is the boundary between the romance of the Middle Ages reduced to the shallowness of that of domestic life, and the really *dramatic matter of the Future*. We must reserve for ourselves the task of dilating more fully upon the characteristics of this boundary and at present be content to regard as of importance the knowledge that Göthe, when arrived at it, was not able to produce either a real romance, or a real drama, but simply a mere poem, enjoying, according to an abstract artistic standard, the advantages of both styles.

Let us turn from this poem, which, like the ever-living vein of a gurgling spring, pervades, with fashioning incitation, the whole artistic life of the poet, and once again follows his artistic creations to where, with renewed endeavours, he devoted himself to the scenic drama.

From the dramatised domestic drama which he attempted in *Egmont*, by the expansion of the surrounding adjuncts to a connection with far-spreading historical moments, to raise, from within to without, to its highest pitch, Göthe departed decidedly in his plan of *Faust*; if the drama still charmed him as the most perfect kind of poetry, it was principally from contemplating it in its most complete artistic form. This form, intelligible to the Italians and French, in accordance with their knowledge of the Antique, only as an outward, constraining rule, struck the more penetrating glance of German investigators as an essential moment of the expression of Greek life; its warmth was able to inspire them, as they had experienced the warmth of its life out of its monuments themselves. The German poet saw that the form of unity distinguishing Greek tragedy was not imposed upon the drama from without, but necessarily imbued with new life, from within to without, by the unity of its purport. The purport of modern life, which, as yet, could only render itself intelligible in the romance, could not possibly be compressed into such plastic unity, as ever to be able to express itself, under intelligible dramatic treat-

ment, in the form of the Greek drama, and justify, or summarily beget this from out of itself. The poet, who had here to deal with absolute artistic configuration, could only now return—at least outwardly—to the course adopted by the French: he was obliged, in order to justify the form of the Greek drama in his work of art, to employ in it the subject of the Greek Mythos, ready to his hand. In selecting the subject of *Iphigenia in Aulis*, which was so, Göthe acted similarly to Beethoven in his most important symphonic compositions: as Beethoven possessed himself of the absolute melody ready to his hand, and, dissolving it to a certain extent, broke it up, and then joined its various members together again by new organic animation, in order to render the organisation of music itself capable of bringing forth melody—Göthe seized on the already existing subject of *Iphigenia*, and resolved it into its component parts, which he joined together again by an organic, vivifying poetic conformation, in order thus, similarly, to render the organisation of the drama itself capable of begetting the perfect form of dramatic art. But Göthe could succeed in this course only with the subjects already existing; he could not achieve such a success with any subject taken from modern life or from the romance; even in *Tasso*, the subject grew visibly cooler under his hands that fashioned it to unity; and in *Eugenie* it froze to ice. We will presently return to the reason of this fact; for the present it is sufficient for us to demonstrate from our survey of the form of art adopted by Göthe, that the poet turned away, also, from this trial of the drama, as soon as he had to deal not with absolute artistic creation alone, but with the representation of life itself. It was only in the romance that even Göthe was able to overcome and represent intelligibly this life in its wide-spreading ramifications and outward form, involuntarily influenced from far and near. The poet could only communicate the real essence of his views of the world in description—in the appeal to our imagination—so that Göthe's influential artistic creations were necessarily again lost in the romance, out of which, at the commencement of his poetical career, he had turned with Shakspearean impulse to the drama.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL.

(From the Examiner.)

Mdlle. RACHEL, on her way to America, gives sudden life to play-goers in London by appearing at this theatre in four of her greatest characters. At one time this journal stood almost alone in the endeavour to describe in detail these remarkable performances. Over and over again have we expressed our wonder and admiration at the sublimity and beauty infused into the old French drama by the genius of this great actress. Before she taught us how they might be filled with every passion, how a life of woe might find expression in a sentence, we were apt to weary over the cold heroics of those famous French tragedies. But, presented by her, they amaze us with grand conceptions. Awe, pity, terror, are awakened as we look and listen, and nothing remains for our self-respect as critics but to attribute half the poetry and passion, as well as all the expression they receive, to the actress herself.

This week we have seen her once more in the *Camille* of Corneille's *Horaces*, and in the heroine of Racine's *Phèdre*—and in neither was a spark of the old fire wanting. It is thus in the full perfection of her powers that Mdlle. Rachel wisely resolves to seek also in America the appreciation she has met with in England. She takes no worn-out reputation to the other side of the Atlantic. Well assured of that by this week's experience, we shall be curious to observe the character of the reception given to the greatest actress of the Old World, by our brethren in the New.

To us in the meantime there will remain, not only the vivid recollection of her wonderful creations, but a new and very life-like portrait to remind us of them. Copies have been multiplied of a full-length photograph of Mdlle. Rachel in the character of *Phèdre*, which is curious for its exact resemblance. Indeed it enables the distinctive features to be seen more accurately than when we look at the real *Phèdre* or *Camille* from before the footlights. It is published by Mr. Mitchell.

CONVERSATIONS WITH FELIX MENDELSSOHN.*

(Concluded from page 494.)

VI.

"We have read and heard a great deal lately of the influence which a composer's way of looking at the world exercises on his works," I said to Mendelssohn. "I confess that I can form no clear idea on this matter. You are a composer of the present day. What is your opinion?"

"Ah! you ask me more than I can answer," Mendelssohn replied, with a smile. "I do not possess the mania, or, if you prefer it, the talent for discovering profound combinations between heterogeneous subjects. It is certain that many things, very often apparently dissimilar, work upon, and pre-suppose one another, but it is equally true that there are others which have nothing in common, and are perfectly independent of each other. A man's way of looking at the world† and a man's way of looking at art‡ are two things that have nothing in common, and exercise no reciprocal influence upon each other."

"What you say is exactly the reverse of what is now asserted by a great many really thinking minds," I replied.

"I cannot help it," said Mendelssohn, shrugging his shoulders. "After all, did you ever know a composer who gave utterance to this opinion, or agreed with it?"

"I must own that I never did," I answered.

"There, you see!" said Mendelssohn, "and yet we also ought to be consulted on the matter."

"But the proofs for the opinion in question have been deduced from the works of composers," I replied. "There is Beethoven, for instance"—

"Has put his way of looking at the world in a score—is not that it?" inquired Mendelssohn.

"So it is said," I replied. "Is the idea then quite destitute of reality, quite contrary to experience?"

"In my opinion, completely—utterly," said Mendelssohn. "The expression: the way of looking at the world, means, I presume, nothing more than how a man thinks respecting the occurrences of the world, what he holds of them—what his views are with regard to them. Out of these views are formed a man's sentiments for or against the things of this world. The democrat is not pleased with the present political system, because he does not deem it in accordance with his ideas of government. He wants it to be arranged after his notion, and from this proceeds his sentiments, a hatred for everything and every one that differ from or oppose this idea of his. Suppose now, Beethoven had possessed such a way of looking at political matters, and such sentiments in conjunction with it, and that he had consequently fostered a feeling of hate in his mind, what influence do you suppose such a mode of looking at matters and such sentiments exercised upon him when composing his *Pastoral Symphony*?"

"You very cleverly select one phenomenon of his, that is adverse to the proposition. I will remind you, on the other hand, in favour of it, of his *Eroica*. We know that he wished to celebrate Napoleon as the hero of the Revolution, and as a republican, and that he tore up the title, on hearing that the Consul had created himself Emperor."

"You reproach me with the same thing in which you indulge yourself," said Mendelssohn. "I adduce one phenomenon against, and you, one phenomenon for—if, by the way, I admit that the music of the *Eroica* is democratic music, that is, music of such a kind, that by hearing it we could perceive Beethoven's democratic views and sentiments. I should like to know whether you could ever learn them from the music, supposing you to be unacquainted with the title and anecdote in question? Besides these two symphonies, however, Beethoven has written seven others, as well as a certain number of quartets, quintets, trios, sonatas, overtures, masses, an oratorio, and an opera, and in them, as far as we actually know, portrayed a mass of subjects and things which have absolutely naught in common with democratic views and sentiments. What democracy is there in

Christus am Oelberge—in *Fidelio*—and in many other of his works?"

"You will, at any rate, grant," I observed, "that no artist can step out of his own period, which consequently exercises an influence on him?"

"Certainly, I will," replied Mendelssohn, "but that, instead of refuting, merely confirms my views. When people say the artist is a child of his own times, it means, he cannot step beyond the way of looking at art followed in his own times. If a man at the present day composes a symphony, he has not got Pleyel, Dittersdorf, Wolf, etc., but Mozart and Beethoven before his mind. Beethoven wrote as he did, because the works of Haydn and Mozart were the guiding stars in his day; but he took some of his musical thoughts from the political or religious spirit of his day, did he? Can you, for instance, tell, from hearing his symphony in B, or the one in F major, that the Revolution had broken out in France? All the religious and political opinions of the day never inspired him with the idea of employing the clarinets, oboes, flutes, horns, etc., in such and such a manner, or of working out a theme thematically after this or that fashion, but he heard these means so employed in the works of his models, he read them in their scores, he abstracted from them the maxims for his own guidance, and, in his own way, still further developed and practised them."

"But we see," replied I, "poets, for instance, who are properly called political poets, since, in their poems, they treat of political subjects of the day."

"Poets may do so, if they choose," replied Mendelssohn; "but such effusions are merely speeches in rhyme; the goddess of poetry has naught to do with them. Moreover, a composer has no business to interfere with political and party opinions on state affairs, but must busy himself with feeling—purely human feeling—if he would work upon the entire body of musical humanity. The artist should be objective and universal. He must be capable of portraying circumstances of every kind as well as the feelings arising from them with equal truth and faithfulness—to-day a rebellion, and to-morrow an idyll, and to call up in his own breast all the notions and passions belonging to them. If the worldly views and opinions of his time commanded him, he would not be a free creator in art, but a shackled slave."

"The artist, when creating, flies from everyday life, with its conflicting interests, and enters the higher and rich sphere of art. What reciprocal influence do you suppose is at work in the case of a political fanatic at the moment he has to set a *love-air* to music? Can he, at such an instant, think of his democratic or aristocratic opinions, or arouse the hatred within his breast, and, with this feeling, proceed to the musical portrayal of the love of a gentle girl?"

"He would certainly produce a strange piece of music," I observed.

"An artist," continued Mendelssohn, "must, in the hour of creation, be that which he wishes to represent; that alone; that, and nothing but that. His sentiments may to-day agree with any subject, and to-morrow completely differ from it. Göthe is said to have been an aristocrat. Supposing this is true, in *Goetz von Berlichingen* and *Egmont* there is not the slightest trace of any such sentiments. In those works, his heart appears to have glowed for freedom. What sentiments, then, produced *Iphigenia*—what, the *Wahlverwandschaften*—what, the *Tasso*? Whatever political convictions Göthe may have entertained, however, it was not they which furnished him with the ideas in his works—the subjects of the latter did so."

"I perfectly agree with you," I replied, "but then we must ask the question: Whence can an idea come, and find so many believers, when there is, in reality, nothing true in it?"

"It comes from a one-sided view of things," replied Mendelssohn. "Because Auber wrote *La Muette de Portici*, Beethoven, the *Sinfonia Eroica*, and Rossini *Guillaume Tell*, people hit upon the notion of a political system of music, and demonstrated that the above composers were under the necessity of producing these works, in consequence of their political views and the times in which they lived. The fact of Auber's having composed a *Maurer und Schlosser*, and Fra Diavolo, Rossini, *Otello*, *Tancredi*,

* By the author of *Fliegende Blätter für Musik*, Leipzig, 1853.

† Weltanschauung.

‡ Kunstanschauung.

etc., and Beethoven a hundred works which have nothing at all to do with the political mode of looking at the world, is passed over in complete silence."

"If your reasoning is correct," I replied, "we may draw a more comprehensive conclusion from it. Because the artist's works have been considered dependent on his mode of looking at the world, many persons wish to bring the course pursued by art generally into necessary connection with the course followed by our religious and political life; political and religious ideas are developed after this or that fashion, and, consequently, music must be developed after this or that fashion also. Händel was obliged to write in his day in the manner he did, because the life of the period was what it was. Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and so on, were obliged to write as they did, in obedience to the path pursued by people generally and universally in their mode of looking at the world at that epoch."

"An opinion which is as untenable as that on the works of the individual artist," said Mendelssohn. "Beethoven's genius for music did not come into the world for the first time with Beethoven. It is probable that it had existed several times, at earlier and different epochs. But it found other predecessors, other models, and other modes of looking at art. People admit Göthe's assertion that an artist, coming ten years earlier or later than he did, would have been a different person, that is to say, in so far as he would have met with other views of art, which would have worked differently upon his development, and then again they would make the course pursued by art dependent on that followed by the world. That Beethoven's genius manifested itself as it did, depended simply on the order in which he appeared. Had he lived in Händel's days, he would not have been our Beethoven. He would have been different before Haydn and Mozart. Haydn and Mozart would have been different had they lived after Beethoven. This would have so happened whatever the world might have been, politically, religiously, etc. No matter what dogma or political opinions had prevailed, whether there had been peace or war, absolutism, constitutionalism, or republicanism, it would have had no influence on the course of music, and that is true solely because the artist cannot expand and develop himself otherwise than in accordance with the artistic moment at which he appears. Let us suppose that, from to-day, all artistic creation were interrupted for a hundred years, while the political, the religious, and the philosophic world continued to progress without let or hindrance. Would music, on awakening from her long sleep, have gone forward with the rest of the world, and would the works of the next master be a hundred years in advance of the best works of our own times? Not one step. Under the most favourable circumstances, they would only follow in the same line as our best works, and continue the series uninterruptedly, however the world might, in the meantime, have progressed in everything else."

"In a word—the course of musical art possesses nothing in common with the course of science, philosophy, religion, or politics; it develops itself in conformity with the natural laws of progress of the art, in conformity with the laws of its rise, growth, and decay."

Much to my regret, Mendelssohn now perceived a friend, whom he called, saying,

"Adieu, Mr. Grub, *Auf Wiedersehen*," as he stretched out his hand to me.

I had a great many objections to make against his last arguments, but I was obliged to wait for a good opportunity, as Mendelssohn was not always inclined to enter on such discussions, and, when I remarked this, I took care not to annoy him with them.

GOTTSCALK.—We regret to hear that this distinguished American pianist, the best our country has produced, is in a very precarious state of health, and that his friends are deeply concerned for him. He was lately in New York, at the house of a friend in Fourteenth-street, but has now returned South, to his native climate.—*New York Musical World*.

WEIMAR.—Dr. Liszt is engaged in arranging his choruses to Herder's *Prometheus* for concert performances.

VIVIER.

(Another Yankee "Canard.")

RICH AGAINST HIS WILL.—Vivier, the musician, who is the present rage in Europe, is one of the rare instances of a *man of genius who has a banker!* His account with his banker used to be a very uncertain one. Now and then he was "flush" with the proceeds of a successful tour or concert, and he made haste to indulge in a little financial respectability, by making a deposit, on which he could draw cheques like a capitalist. The season, some five or six years since, was very productive. He had made a tour with Jenny Lind in Germany, and, his pocket being heavy on his return, the great banker, Mr. Baring, had been the recipient of some twelve hundred pounds to his account. But Vivier's heart was in his own country, and, the moment he was unoccupied, he began to be homesick. He would make a visit of a month or two to Paris, and return when the Great Fair of London recalled him to the banks of the Thames. He drove to the banker's for his money. By the eminent Mr. Baring, he was received with the genial courtesy which genius commands, even in the marts of Mammon, from those who are its princes.

"I have called to draw the little sum that I have in your hands," said Vivier. At these words, the banker put on a grave air, and slightly pinched his lips. "It is impossible to let you have it," was the reply. "Ah! you are perhaps embarrassed at this particular moment?" innocently supposed the musician. "Not at all," said the banker, and one of his clerks entering at the moment, he turned to him and said: "You will send to His Grace the Duke of—the forty thousand pounds, which was the amount of the loan he requested." "This reassures me," said Vivier, "if you can lend forty thousand pounds, you could easily furnish me the two hundred pounds, from my deposit, which I require at this moment for a trip to Paris." "Certainly I could—but I must still refuse it," persisted the imperturbable banker. "Monsieur!" said Vivier, "I like a joke well enough when it is not carried too far; but this seems to me to have attained its limits." "I never joke on matters of business, sir," said Baring, "and, when I assure you that you cannot have the money you ask for, I am quite in earnest." "Do you pretend to deny that I made a deposit with you, then?" "Certainly not. I remember perfectly that, a short time since, you deposited with me twelve hundred pounds, for which, with a confidingness that was a compliment to me, you did not ask for a receipt." "And will you abuse this confidence?" "Never, of course. But, still, you cannot touch the money in question." "Your reason why, sir, if you please?" "I will tell you. A few days before her departure for the United States, Miss Jenny Lind, whose banker I also am, did me the honour to dine with me. After dinner, we pleaded for the privilege of once more hearing her delightful voice, and she assented on one condition: that I would grant a request which she wished to make. I promised, and she sang. The song over, we claimed to know our obligation, and she then said: 'Vivier has deposited money with you—twelve hundred pounds, I hear. He ought to be rich, with the money he makes, but the careless creature spends his earnings with the prodigality of a prince. Some one should be prudent for him, since he has no prudence for himself. His capital should be invested in spite of him, and the interest allowed to accumulate. This sum, now, might be, one day, a little capital that would save him from want. I wish you to refuse to let him draw it out of your hands.' This is the explanation of my refusal, and you see that it originated in a kind and affectionate solicitude for your welfare." "Oh! very well," said Vivier, "and, of course, I am sensible of the sympathy which actuated the illustrious woman, whose heart is even greater than her talent; but, notwithstanding my gratitude, I do not accept the tutelage, for I am out of money, and must have it for my present need. If I can get it in no other way, I will appeal to the law." "Very well," said the banker, "the right is on your side, and you can go to law, if you like, but you will ruin yourself with the cost of the suit, and, with my means, I can make it last as long as your life, for the delays of the law are endless if you choose to pay for them. Nothing shall prevent me from keeping my word to Jenny Lind, and carrying out her benevolent design. You cannot touch the money in my hands."

Before the inflexible determination of the banker, Vivier was obliged to yield, and, to the delight of his friends in Paris, he was obliged to give a concert during his vacation there, to pay the expenses of his idleness. Vivier is the greatest of living horn-players, and though he still makes exorbitant sums of money, is as extravagant in its expenditure as ever. If he lives to the common age of man, however, he will be rich in spite of himself.

[The above witty effusion is taken from our contemporary the *New York Musical Review*. When Vivier reads it, if he

ever reads it (he cannot either read or speak English), he will be more astonished than any one else. *En revanche*, he should bring an action against Mr. Mason for the £1200 of which that editor has made him a present in print.—Ed. M. W.]

GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

(Continued from page 495.)

AFTER the triumphant success achieved by *Robert le Diable* at the Grand-Opéra in Paris, the administration was determined to have a second work by Meyerbeer. The libretto of *Les Huguenots*, which was written by Scribe, was confided to the celebrated composer. To make sure of his applying himself immediately to his task, a forfeit of thirty thousand francs was stipulated, in case the complete score should not be delivered within a specified time. While Meyerbeer was occupied in the composition of the new opera, the health of his wife, which was seriously affected by a disease of the chest, compelled him, with the advice of the medical attendants, to try the milder climate of Italy. In this situation, he demanded of the director of the Grand-Opéra to delay for six months the rehearsal of his opera. This just request was refused. Meyerbeer, nettled and offended, withdrew his score, paid the forfeit, and departed. The director, however, soon felt the necessity there existed for bringing out the *Huguenots*. The public was not attracted by his spectacles. Something novel was required. The forfeit money was consequently returned, and the new opera of Meyerbeer was represented at the Académie Royale de Musique, on the 29th of February, 1836.

The structure of the poem of the *Huguenots* has no analogy with that of *Robert le Diable*. The action at first progresses slowly, and the interest does not begin to develop itself until towards the middle of the third act. Here almost everything is owing to the musician, who, single-handed, has been able to sustain attention throughout these empty scenes. No composer could have triumphed over such difficulties, but by force of superior intellect. At first, neither the public, nor, for the most part, the critics were able to thoroughly understand and appreciate the true merits of the *Huguenots*. It was allowed, indeed, that the duet in the third act between Valentine and Marcel, all the fourth and part of the fifth act, contained beauties of the first order; that there was nothing more profoundly pathetic in dramatic music than the last scene of the fourth act; and yet it was agreed that, as a grand and complete work, the *Huguenots* was inferior to *Robert le Diable*. More late, those who were disinterested abjured their error; and now, after nearly twenty years, the *Huguenots* is almost universally allowed to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master. Of a work so renowned a few particulars will not be unacceptable.

The original cast at the French Grand-Opéra was as follows:—

Marguerite de Valois, ...	Madame Dorus Gras.
Valentine, ...	Mlle. Falcon.
Count de St. Bris, ...	M. Serda.
Count de Nevers, ...	M. Derivis.
Raoul de Nangis, ...	M. Nourrit.
Marcel, ...	M. Levasseur.
Urbain, ...	Mlle. Flecheux.

The *Huguenots* was first performed in London, by the German Company, in 1842. The Belgian troupe produced it at Drury Lane in 1845. It was tolerably well played, M. and Madame Laborde and M. Zelger sustaining the parts of Raoul, Valentine, and Marcel with much effect. The same company played the opera again in 1846. The success of the *Huguenots* by the Belgian Company at Drury Lane attracted the attention of the directors of the Royal Italian Opera. Everything was favourable to the production of the French opera at Covent Garden. The splendour and completeness of the band and chorus, the company from which so powerful a cast might be selected, the zeal, energy, and talents of the conductor, together with the unrivalled resources of the theatre in scenery, dresses, and decorations, all pointed to an unprecedented success. Her Majesty Queen Victoria commanded the first performance—her first command at the Royal Italian Opera—and attended in state. A fortnight previously the *Huguenots* had been talked of, but not rehearsed. Her Majesty expressed a wish that, if possible, the opera might be given on the command night. Mr. Costa and Mr. Gye—nothing daunted at the ninety-six full rehearsals devoted to the *Huguenots* at the Académie-Royale, and the one hundred and fifty rehearsals at Berlin—went to work at once, and, with three or four part rehearsals and one full rehearsal, achieved one of the greatest successes ever known in any theatre. "The Academy," exclaimed a French professor at the end of the opera, "must now be silent for ever. Their two years' rehearsals achieved nothing like this performance."

The *Huguenots* was produced at the Royal Italian Opera, for the first time, on Thursday, July the 20th, 1848, with the following cast:—

Marguerite de Valois ...	Mad. Castellan.
Valentine ...	Mad. Viardot.
Urbain ...	Mlle. Alboni.
Raoul ...	Signor Mario.
Count de St. Bris ...	Signor Tamburini.
Count de Nevers ...	Signor Tagliafico.
Marcel ...	Signor Marini.

It was performed six or seven times during the remainder of the season, but, although it attracted numerous audiences and delighted them, its real power was not felt until the following year, when it was immense. Ever since it has proved one of the great cards of the establishment, and is, perhaps, the most popular work in the *répertoire*.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Saturday the tragedy of *Andromaque* was played (Rachel, Hermione) on Monday *Lady Tartuffe*; and on Wednesday *Adrienne Lecouvreur* (for the second time). The vogue continued to the end; while the great actress seemed to grow greater, and her genius to expand with each successive performance. Crowds flocked to the theatre, and the excitement rose to fever-heat. But to talk about Rachel in connection with applause and bouquets, is superfluous; she is above them. We shall, therefore, leave those "ovations" to other chroniclers.

We do not like the comedy of *Lady Tartuffe*. If it is a comedy of manners, it is a comedy of bad manners; and the poor lady who wrote it (Mad. de Girardin), was too open to satire herself, to satirize others with anything like grace. Peace be with her ashes! Her *Lady* (why "*Lady*") *Tartuffe*—alias Mlle. de Blossac—is a monstrous caricature, without a redeeming point. No such wicked person ever was, or by any possibility could be. And yet, what Rachel makes of her! The comedy of the French tragedian is nothing short of marvellous. This is literally upsetting a saw, and out of a sow's ear making a silk purse. Rachel can do even that; her "*Lady*" *Tartuffe* is a proof of it. And then, the Jane of her clever sister, Dinah, is exquisitely natural—full of archness and vivacity, and prepossessing to a degree. Yet for all that, we do not like *Lady Tartuffe*.

How refreshing to turn from this piece of overstrained hyperbole to the magnificent tragedy of *Andromaque*. In this Racine is probably more dramatic, and for that reason approaches nearer to the Shakspearean play than in any of his works. It is not so lofty as *Phèdre*, or so sublime as *Athalie*; but it is more fit for stage effect, and more human than either of those masterpieces of its celebrated author. Hermione was never thoroughly understood until Rachel undertook the part; and we doubt whether if in any other character the immensity of her talent, and its capability of giving effect to every variety of emotion, are more strikingly evinced. Her performance on Saturday night beggared description. We shall not, therefore, attempt to describe it, or the thrilling sensation it produced upon the audience. Besides, we have alluded to it elsewhere.

With the second performance of *Adrienne Lecouvreur* this short series of dramatic triumphs came to an end. We may long look for their like again.

BADEN-BADEN.—(From a Correspondent).—We are, as the French say, *en pleine saison*. M. Benazet has opened his splendid rooms, which are daily and nightly crammed with rank and fashion. In addition to the customary amusements, there will be presently plenty of music in Baden-Baden. The charming Marie Cabel is here; also Mad. Sabatier and Mad. Miolan, of the Opéra-Comique. The saloons are not quite finished, but when they are they will be magnificent. M. Benazet is employing all his taste and liberality in decorating them and making them comfortable for his guests. On the 16th instant, there is to be an opera in which Madame Cabel is to sing. Last, not least, Vivier (Pietro, veramente "*Il Grande*") is here. "*Le Ciel est bleu est sa mine est verte*." Vivier will play at a grand concert to be given on the 25th. I will send you an account of it, with whatever else may be worthy of your notice. Clapisson, the composer, is here.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W. D.—There was no mistake; Keeley and Mario have appeared in the same part—Raimbaldo in Robert le Diable—with this distinction, that Keeley left out the music, while Mario retained all the fun.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11TH, 1855.

RACHEL is, probably, by this time, on her way to the United States. The steamer in which she was to embark is the "Pacific." May the Atlantic be also *pacific*, and the "calm sea and happy voyage," so poetically suggested by Mendelssohn in his enchanting overture, wait on her all the way—until cousin Jonathan, who is expecting her arrival on the other side of the ocean, stretches out his friendly arms to receive her!

The short visit of the French tragedian to this metropolis has proved eminently satisfactory, in more respects than one. We are able and pleased to congratulate our transatlantic brethren on the fact that they are about to welcome to their shores the very greatest artist of our time, in the zenith of her powers, her brow over-shadowed with laurels magnificently worn, before her fame has been shaken of one leaf by the shifting wind of popular opinion, and before the slow but ruthless hand of time has been busy in its work of demolition with a beauty that, as it glides before us on the stage, can only be compared to the paragons of Athenian art. Rachel was never so entirely a mistress of all her unequalled resources, never so incomparably an artist, never so convincingly a *genius*—never, in short, so *perfect*, as at this moment. To compare her with any other would be preposterous. She is as "a swan trooping with crows"—the one white and spotless thing the dramatic art possesses.

Although we are not among those who hold the works of Racine and Corneille in small repute—since we cannot shut our eyes to the truth that, in spite of the "unities" and so forth, the best of them are masterpieces of nature, no less than polished examples of poetic art—we are quite aware of the inestimable service which Rachel has been the means of rendering to the dramatic literature of her country by reviving the taste for them. The French, tossed about on the waves of their revolution, and engulfed to the eyes and ears in a tempestuous sea of events which was destined to encroach so materially on the stubborn rocks of despotism, had lost sight of or forgotten those grand poets who sang of the sorrows of ancient Kings and Queens in a time when modern potentates were safer, or thought themselves safer, on their thrones. Talma, the actor, did something to arouse his compatriots to a sense of pride, and to bring back to their knowledge that a race of great dramatic poets had lived and shed a lustre on their "Augustan" period, a lustre which, though dimmed by circumstances, was far more worthy to be restored, than the wars, the extravagance, and the follies of that sensual egotist, the fourteenth Louis, to be remembered. Talma, however, only prepared the way for Rachel: he laid the train, which a spark from her transcendent genius was destined to fire. Not only did Rachel once more loosen the tongues of oracles long speechless from neglect, and cause their eloquent words to resound again in the listening ears of the people; she found *new meanings* in those words; she held over them a flaming torch, and exposed to view much that had previously remained as

inscrutable as the deathless forms of the sculptor in the unhewn and shapeless block. There was, indeed, in many of the plays of Racine and Corneille, more than had been ever recognised. To Rachel is wholly due this discovery, so important and so flattering to the French, as a nation of poets, no less than of philosophers and warriors. "*Le laid c'est le beau*" was stripped of its garment of sophistry by the black-browed Queen of tragedy: she saw it was false, and laid bare its hideous deformity. Camille and Hermione—those radiant creations—were made manifest in all their glory; and heroines, that Shakspeare himself might not have disdained to own, rose, like ghosts from the tomb, at the nod of the matchless artist, who clothed them with her own beauty, and brought them back to life, and health, and vigour.

A whole volume might be written about Rachel's Camille and Rachel's Hermione—the first the loveliest and most winning, the last the subtlest and most terrific, art-representation probably ever witnessed in a theatre. Phèdre is perhaps the loftiest interpretation of Rachel;* but there is more humanity and much more variety in Hermione. The great characters in the tragedies of *Les Horaces* (Corneille), and *Andromaque* (Racine), used to be the elder Horace, in which the well-known Talma was celebrated, and Andromaque, an equally renowned impersonation of Mdle. Mars. It was for Rachel's genius to perceive, and for her amazing talent to explore, the mine of dramatic wealth that lay hidden in the previously-considered secondary personages of Camille and Hermione, which must therefore be regarded as her most original, if not absolutely her grandest, assumptions.

How Rachel played on Saturday night, how tremendously great—greater than ever before—was her acting, as the wayward and terrible Hermione, can never be forgotten by those who were lucky enough to witness it. It made the audience shudder and weep by turns; it truly and without hyperbole, "shook the soul and purified it." As she quitted the stage, after overwhelming the panic-struck *Orestes* with a storm of imprecations, hurrying to the unseen bier of *Pyrrhus*, alternately loved and hated, to immolate herself there in expiation, she looked like a fury pursued by fate, convulsed with agony, sublime in madness. This "exit" was unparalleled. The house trembled with emotion, until the pent-up feelings of the audience were let loose in a tempest of cheers and plaudits.

We really envy our American friends, while, at the same time, we tender them our hearty felicitations. That they will fully appreciate the genius of Rachel those who know them best are best inclined to believe.

THE following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the *Musical World*:—

(TRANSLATION.†)

MY DEAR SIR,—I have this instant received the *Musical World* of the 4th August, and I have read with much pain the unjust attack of which Mr. Costa has been the subject in a French journal on the occasion of the representation of *L'Etoile du Nord*

* We had not seen *Athalie* when this was written; Rachel's *Athalie* is even loftier than her Phèdre! Or was it that Drury Lane Theatre is loftier than St. James's?

† (ORIGINAL).

MON CHER MONSIEUR,—Je viens de recevoir à l'instant le *Musical World* du 4 Août, et j'y lis avec beaucoup de peine l'injuste attaque dont M. Costa a été l'objet de la part d'un journal Français à l'occasion de la représentation de *L'Etoile du Nord* au théâtre de Covent Garden. M. Costa m'a donné tant de preuves de zèle et de dévouement pendant tout le cours des répétitions de cet ouvrage, et il en a dirigé l'orchestre

at the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Costa gave me so many proofs of zeal and devotion (*dévouement*) during the whole course of rehearsals for this work, and directed the orchestra with such admirable talent, that I am in a great measure indebted to him for the excellent execution of the opera. Moreover, Mr. Costa, far from offering any opposition to my directing the orchestra, at the first performances of the *Etoile du Nord*, begged me earnestly several times, on the contrary, to do so. If, notwithstanding this, I refrained, it was because, after hearing several operas which preceded my own, at Covent Garden, I was led to appreciate the high intelligence with which Mr. Costa conducted all these works, and to believe that I could not confide the direction of my opera to more skilful and conscientious hands. I had already expressed in private all my gratitude to Mr. Costa at the moment of leaving London; but in face of the article which is commented on in the *Musical World*, of Aug. 4, I should be much obliged if you would give a place in the columns of your estimable journal to this spontaneous testimony of my high esteem and gratitude for Mr. Costa. Pray accept, my dear sir, the assurance, etc., etc.,

MEYERBEER.

Spa, Aug. 6, 1855.

After this, our contemporary on the other side of the channel will no doubt make the *amende honorable* to Mr. Costa, by a simple statement of the facts. That its London correspondent (who was in Paris when the *Etoile du Nord* came out in London) has been misinformed, is the most charitable construction we can put upon the matter. But by whom, and to what end, it would be difficult to surmise; nor are we at, present, disposed to sift the matter to the bottom.

THE late directors of the Old Philharmonic Society are incorrigible. Can you believe, reader, that, without any power either to offer or to make engagements, they absolutely proposed, at the termination of the disastrously memorable season of 1855, to renew that of Herr Richard Wagner for next year? Our authority is Professor Praeger, of Hamm—*chef de clique* in England for the "Drama of the Future"—who thus writes to the *New York Musical Review*, which he supplies with such trustworthy information, from week to week, and which is indebted to his pen for the records of the Wagnerian triumphs in this country:—

"We are, however, glad to notice that the influence of this would-be-autocrat-critic* is far less than one would believe—or than he would make the uninitiated believe; and no stronger evidence was wanting for this than the decided genuine and hearty reception which greeted Richard Wagner on his *entrée* in the orchestra at the eighth and last concert of the Old Philharmonic Society, on Monday, the 25th June—the intensity of which was only exceeded by the leave-taking after the concert, for which an unusually numerous public remained purposely, against their usual habit of running and rushing out in the middle of the last overture—which was the strongest proof that possibly could

avec un si admirable talent que je lui suis en grande partie redevable de l'excellente exécution de cet opéra. En outre, M. Costa, loin de s'opposer à ce que je dirigeasse l'orchestre aux premières représentations de *L'Etoile du Nord*, m'avait prié au contraire à plusieurs reprises avec instance de le faire. Si, malgré cela, je ne l'ai pas fait, c'est que l'audition des opéras à Covent Garden qui précédaient le mien m'avait fait apprécier la haute intelligence avec laquelle M. Costa conduisait tous ces ouvrages, et que je croyais ne pouvoir confier la direction de mon opéra à des mains plus habiles et consciencieuses. J'avais déjà exprimé, en particulier, toute ma reconnaissance à M. Costa au moment de quitter Londres; mais en face de l'article dont il est question dans le *Musical World*, du 4 Août, je vous serais bien obligé si vous vouliez donner une place dans les colonnes de votre estimable journal à ce témoignage spontané de ma haute estime et reconnaissance pour M. Costa. Veuillez agréer, mon cher monsieur, l'assurance de la haute considération de votre très dévoué,

Spa, ce 6 Août, 1855.

MEYERBEER.

* The critic of the *Musical World*.

be given, that all the silly twaddle and musical 'bosh' of the critic had not influenced any of the subscribers—always excepting the small (not elegant) clique of self-elected native geniuses. Even the orchestra—which may be called Signor Costa's orchestra, and notwithstanding his presence—gave repeated hearty bursts of applause. *Wagner, however, has refused already—a fact which we can prove, black upon white—another engagement for next year, as well as one in Germany, at one of the courts which, in offering the engagement, expressed its indifference as to his position as an exile.*"

Now, if this be true, and there is no other evidence against its truth than the testimony of the Hamm Professor (which is "rather" suspicious), the late directors should be arraigned by the Society for assuming responsibilities, which, according to its laws, were not vested in them. When the term of office has ended, the seven directors (who are re-elected annually, at the general meetings) possess no more authority than any of the rest of the forty members. Their power only extends to the season of their direction; and they have no right whatever to meddle by anticipation with the management of future directorates, of which, so far as they are aware, not one of them may constitute a part.

This matter imperatively demands an explanation. Was a fresh engagement proposed to Herr Richard Wagner?—or is the whole a pure fiction, an invention of Dreisterner, who is so fertile in manufacturing facts to suit his own ends? Here is something for the "special committee" to inquire into—if they really mean (which we doubt) to inquire into anything.

MADLLE RACHEL'S DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.—Madlle. Rachel left London yesterday morning, at 10 a.m., by rail, from the Euston Square Station, and arrived at 5 p.m. at the Waterloo Hotel, Liverpool. She is to embark this morning, on board the "Pacific," for the United States, accompanied by her sisters, Dinah and Lia, her brother, M. Raphael Felix, and a *troupe* of thirty artistes, including, among others, Madlles. Sarah Felix, Briard, Durrey; Mdme. Latouche; M.M. Randoux, Chéry, Chéry Jun., Latouche, Dieudonné, Bellevault, L. Beauvallet, etc., who all formed part of the company at the St. James's Theatre in the recent series of Madlle. Rachel's performances.

RICHARD WAGNER AND HERR FORMES.—The following anecdote is vouched for as authentic. At the rehearsal of one of the recent Philharmonic concerts conducted by Herr Kapellmeister Wagner, Herr Formes was present. "Guten Morgen, Herr Formes," said Wagner; to which Herr Formes at once replied, "Guten Morgen, Herr Kapellmeister." "Finden Sie sich glücklich in England?"—demanded the Man of the Future. "Ich lebe hier nun sechs Jahre in England, und habe mich einer grossen Anerkennung zu erfreuen," was the German basso's answer. "Ich werde froh sein wenn ich England im Rücken habe," retorted the Hope of Weimar. "Apropos, Herr Formes—warum besuchen Sie mich nicht?"—he added—to which retorted Herr Formes—"Ich wohne 30, Gower-street, Bedford-square." To which the author of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* had nothing to say. The above anecdote was eagerly laid hold of by Dr. Saphir, and all Vienna reads it in the *Humorist*.

DONIZETTI.—The *Gazette de Cologne* states, that the monument to Donizetti, by Vincenzo Vela, has arrived at Bergamo, and will be placed in the basilica of Sainte-Marie-Majeure.

MR. AGUILAR, the well-known pianist and composer, is staying at Lowestoff, a quiet watering-place in Norfolk.

SCARBOROUGH.—Mr. Harrison gave two concerts in the Town-Hall on the 4th and 6th instant, which were well attended. The vocalists were Madame Copare and Mr. Lambert, who were encored in several songs, and in Barnett's duet, "The singing lesson," Mr. Rayner presided at the pianoforte.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

L'Etoile du Nord sustained its attractiveness up to the last night of the season. It was given on Monday, and was so successful as to justify the management in repeating it on Thursday, although *Il Trovatore* had been previously announced for the final performance.

The second representation of the *Prophète* on Saturday was better attended than the first. It is doubtful whether the production of this grand work so late in the season was wise. The subscribers, however, look for novelty at the last moment, and their tastes could hardly have been more appropriately consulted. Madame Viardot's Fides is beyond a doubt her finest assumption, and the Jean of Leyden of Signor Tamberlik one of the most vigorous impersonations of the modern lyric stage. This admirable artist sang with his usual power and effect on Saturday. The opera in other respects was well done, but the whole of the tent scene was again omitted, although Signor Alucini was substituted for Signor Mei. Mdlle. Marai sings the music of Berta most charmingly, and looks and acts the part to perfection. This young artist has become a great favourite with the visitors of the Royal Italian Opera, and justly. Where was Signor Luchesi? Surely he knows the music of the tenor Anabaptist, and would readily have undertaken the part.

The one performance of Rossini's *Otello* on Tuesday, but for Signor Tamberlik's representation of the Moor, would be open to criticism. The cast was not what it might have been. We remember when it was considered worth while to assign nearly every character in this opera to a first-rate artist. Rubini, Mario, Tamburini, Lablache, and Grisi have appeared together in *Otello*, at her Majesty's Theatre. Madame Viardot is not the "gentle Desdemona." Of course, the usual skill and intelligence are there, but neither the music nor the character are in her way. Signor Tamberlik is eminently fitted for *Otello*. In no other part—not even Masaniello, Florestan, and Jean of Leyden—does he appear to such advantage. The music suits his voice, and the fiery passion of the Moor is just what he can portray with surpassing truth and vigour. From the first scene, in which occurs the scene, "Ah! si per voi," to the last, in which he stabs Desdemona, the performance of Signor Tamberlik was beyond reproach. We have great hopes of Signor Graziani, whose voice is one of the finest barytones ever heard; but Iago is out of his way, too. Signors Tagliafico and Luchesi were both good in Elmiro and Roderigo, and Mdlle Bellini played Emilia with intelligence.

The performance was received with great favour, Madame Viardot and Signor Tamberlik being recalled at the end of the second and third acts.

The season was brought to a termination on Thursday, with *L'Etoile du Nord*, but an extra performance of the same opera, at reduced prices, will be given this evening, for the benefit of Mr. A. Harris, the able and zealous régisseur, whose exertions in getting up the *L'Etoile du Nord*, were worthy of the greatest praise.

RÉSUMÉ OF THE SEASON.

THE ninth season of the Royal Italian Opera has proved one of the most successful since the opening in 1847. Such a result was hardly to be anticipated. The army in the Crimea had taken away many subscribers to boxes and stalls; the public was rendered apathetic by the war, and the general attention diverted from amusement to matters of more absorbing interest. The untimely fate of so many of our brave officers must, it was considered, be a serious obstacle to success, since, as whole families would be forced into mourning, they would be prevented from attending the theatre. The additions to the income and other taxes, moreover, would leave no money to spend on public amusements. This reasoning, though good, however, was not confirmed by the upshot. In spite of the absence of subscribers and habitués, in spite of deaths in the Crimea and families in mourning, and in spite of additional taxation, the operatic season has been unusually prosperous. This is not altogether unaccountable. The "great fact" of the season—*L'Etoile du Nord*—must only be taken into limited consideration, since,

however, triumphant its success, it came too late to materially affect the treasury, though, had it been produced earlier, it might have made the fortune of the establishment. The unexpected reappearance of Mad. Grisi was an important step, since it brought back a great public favourite, and, with her, certain operas that, when well cast, never fail to draw.

Signor Verdi's new opera, *Il Trovatore*, must equally be taken into account. It was admirably performed and decidedly attractive. The new German *prima donna*, Mdlle. Jenny Ney, made a "hit," and the universally popular Tamberlik reaped new laurels in this work. Signor Mario, who was a greater "card" than ever for the theatre, sang still better than last year, and resumed some of his old parts (among others, Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*, and Conte Almaviva in *Il Barbiere*), as if he was determined to go back to his original *répertoire*. *Don Giovanni* and *Il Barbiere*—with the assistance of Signor Tamburini, who was engaged expressly to play Don Giovanni and Figaro—both drew good houses. The re-engagement of Signor Lablache was of vital consequence; but the secession of Signor Ronconi was irreparable. The operas which, next to the *Etoile du Nord*, turned out the most attractive were *Les Huguenots*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Favorita*, *Norma*, *Il Conte Ory*, and *Il Trovatore*.

We must look, however, to causes unconnected with operas and singers, for the great success this year. Circumstances which would naturally be supposed to militate against a favourable result rather tended, on the contrary, to produce it. The disasters at Sebastopol, which placed so many families in mourning, precluded, in a great measure, balls, fêtes, and réunions, and drove people to the theatre for recreation. The subscription list was less promising than in former years, but more boxes and stalls were let nightly, and a greater number of single tickets sold.

The shortness of the season may also count for something. The theatre opened on the 12th of April, and closed on the 9th of August—embracing a period of barely four months, while former seasons have extended to five, six, and even seven. It remains for directors to ascertain whether a long or short season is most remunerative. An example in favour of the latter may be deduced from the present year.

Rossini's *Il Conte Ory* began the season with great éclat, and introduced Signor Gardoni to the Royal Italian Opera in the character of the Count. This masterpiece was performed three times in succession with increasing favour, Madame Bosio singing delightfully, Mdlle. Marai appearing to great advantage as the page, Mdlle. Nantier Didiée as the Chatelaine. Signor Gardoni was as successful as his warmest admirers could have wished.

On Thursday, the 19th, *Fidelio* was commanded by the Queen, who attended in state with the Emperor and Empress of the French. The house was gorgeously decorated, and the royal box was a prodigy of taste and magnificence. Fabulous prices were given for places, and an enormous crowd assembled. Little attention, however, was paid to the opera, the illustrious visitors absorbing all attraction. Mdlle. Jenny Ney, who subsequently made so favourable an impression in Verdi's *Leonora*, was by no means the *beau idéal* of Beethoven's. Her fine strong *soprano* voice was admired, but the poetical element, so indispensable in *Fidelio*, was found wanting. Signor Tamberlik and Herr Formes played Florestan and Rocco with the same effect as before, and Mdlle. Marai was a capital Marcellina. Mdlle. Fanny Cerito made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera in a scene from the new ballet of *Eva*, on the same night, and was received with distinguished favour. The engagement of this eminent *danseuse* was a highly politic step of the director. The ballet had for a long time been unwisely neglected, although a sure means of attraction.

On Thursday, April 26th, Signor Graziani, a new barytone, made his first appearance in *Ernani*, and displayed a splendid voice, without much talent as an actor or great experience as a singer. Madame Bosio and Signor Tamberlik were as good as ever in Elvira and Ernani.

Signor Lablache made his *rentrée*, as Dulcamara in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, on Saturday, May the 5th, with Madame Bosio as Adina, and Signor Gardoni as Nemorino, than which nothing

could be better. Signor Graziani's Belcore made us think of Tamburini.

The first performance of *Il Trovatore*, on Thursday, May the 10th, was eminently successful. The cast included Mdle. Jenny Ney, Madame Viardot, who made her first appearance, Signors Tambrerik, Graziani, Tagliafico, etc. This opera has been played oftener than any other during the season.

I Puritani, on Thursday, 17th, brought back Signor Mario, singing his very best, and well supported by Madame Bosio, Signors Graziani and Lablache.

Madame Grisi reappeared on Thursday, the 24th of May, as Leonora in *La Favorita*, and, like Signor Mario, had evidently derived benefit from her transatlantic trip. The public welcomed their old favourite as a spoiled child, and, instead of chiding, cheered her! The others parts in the opera were sustained by Signors Mario, Graziani, and Lablache.

Norma was given on Tuesday, May 29th, with Grisi quite as great as before in the Druidess. Of Signor Tambrerik's Pollio we need say nothing.

Don Giovanni was performed on Thursday, May 31st., Signor Tamburini, who was expressly engaged to play his most celebrated part, making his first appearance for three years. The acting of this distinguished artist sustained throughout the opera, since, in his case, it was not *vox et preterea nihil*, but everything *except* voice. Signor Mario was Don Octavio; Signor Lablache, Leporello; Signor Tagliafico, Il Commendatore; Sig. Polonini, Masetto; Madame Bosio, Zerlina; Mdle. Jenny Ney, Donna Anna; and Mdle. Marai, Elvira. On the following Tuesday, *Don Giovanni* was repeated. On both occasions it attracted overflowing audiences. The minut in the ball-scene was executed by Mdle. Fanny Cerito and M. Desplaces.

On Monday, June the 4th, *Lucrezia Borgia* was given for the first time, with Madame Grisi and Signors Mario and Tamburini: and on Thursday, June 7th, the *Huguenots*, with Madame Grisi, Mdles. Marai and Nantier-Didié, Signor Mario, Herr Formes, etc. Both performances exhibited all the former excellence as far as the principal artists were concerned; but in the *Huguenots* the ensemble was anything but creditable to the theatre.

On Thursday, June the 14th, came *Il Barbieri*, with Madame Viardot as Rosina, instead of Madame Bosio. Nothing can possibly differ more than the performances of these accomplished artists in the same character.

On Thursday, June the 28th, we had *Don Pasquale* with the original Paris cast—Madame Grisi, Signors Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache. The ballet of *La Vivandière*—once celebrated at Her Majesty's Theatre—was revived the same night for Mdle. Cerito.

The great event of the season came off on Thursday, July the 19th, when Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* was represented for the first time. The sensation created by this masterpiece, and the details connected with its performance, have been so recently before the public, that it is only requisite here to make some passing allusions. Meyerbeer came from Berlin to superintend the rehearsals, which profited greatly by his experience. The celebrated composer expressed himself thoroughly satisfied, and was surprised to find so much effected in so short a time. The visit of Meyerbeer to London will render the season of 1855 one of the most memorable in the annals of the Royal Italian Opera. It is unnecessary to allude to the cast of the *Etoile du Nord*. Except in one or two instances it could scarcely be improved. Next year, no doubt, the distribution of parts will be perfected.

The *Etoile du Nord* was played four times in succession, and gave place one night—Saturday, July 28th—to the *Huguenots*, when Mad. Grisi and Sig. Mario appeared for the last time this season, and were greeted with an enthusiastic "ovation" at the end of the opera.

The *Prophète* was represented on Thursday, Aug. 2nd, for the first time, with Mad. Viardot, Mdle. Marai, and Sig. Tambrerik. There had been no rehearsal; the first Anabaptist (Sig. Mei) was indisposed, and the finest scene in the opera was obliged to be omitted. Such indifference to so great a work cannot be too highly reprehended. While the utmost pains were lavished on *Il Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni* and *Le Prophète* were left to take

care of themselves, as if their intrinsic merits rendered them independent of support from singers and instrumentalists. The greater the work the greater attention should be bestowed upon it. If an opera cannot be rehearsed it is better not to give it at all; since the directors and conductors only expose themselves to adverse criticism by an imperfect and slovenly performance. In our article on the first performance of *Don Giovanni*, we had to notice many deficiencies, and to point out where great improvements might be made in the *mise-en-scène*, etc. It was of no use, however. The last scene remained a burlesque in the strictest sense of the term. When *Il Don Giovanni* is given next year, the directors will have it in their power to make amends. We trust they will endeavour, but have little faith in their intentions on this head. With respect to the *Prophète*, it was unfair to Madame Viardot (who had played only two other parts during the season), and to Signor Tambrerik, to produce the opera in a slovenly manner. What would Meyerbeer have said had he witnessed the performance?

Mdle. Fanny Cerito, whose dancing in the skating scene—in which she appeared for the first time—was inimitable for grace and picturesqueness, took her farewell for the season. The necessity of strengthening the ballet by the acquisition of first-rate artists should have occurred to the directors long ago. Dancing is one of the chief elements which now engrosses the attention of the administration of the French Grand Opera, and to neglect it, is a fault of policy. The re-engagement of Fanny Cerito—which, we understand, Mr. Gye has effected—is, however, an indication that further exertions will be made to render the ballet department complete.

The one representation of Rossini's *Otello*, on Tuesday, the 8th instant, would hardly be entitled to a passing word, were it not for the singularly fine performance of Sig. Tambrerik, which would have redeemed a multitude of sins. Mad. Viardot is not our *beau idéal* of Desdemona, while Sig. Graziani's Iago is by no means so subtle as Ronconi's. It is strange that, notwithstanding Mr. Costa's well-known admiration for Rossini, there is no composer whose works receive less attention at the Royal Italian Opera. Even the performance of *Guillaume Tell*, upon which so much stress was laid some years ago, was anything but what it should have been. Is Verdi supplanting Rossini in the favour of the renowned *chef-d'orchestre*?

The season terminated on Thursday with the eighth performance of *L'Etoile du Nord*.

Looking at what has really been effected, and what has really been in a great measure overlooked in the past season, it must be acknowledged that the directors are entitled to our good opinion. The promises of the directors have been adhered to with the strictest fidelity, not one pledge having been left unredeemed. For the secession of Sig. Ronconi, the directors, we need scarcely say, were not responsible, that eccentric artist having simply failed to fulfil the engagement he had accepted. Sig. Tamburini was engaged in his place; and, even now, no other could be accepted as a fit substitute for Ronconi. It was fortunate that such two "trump cards" were at hand as *L'Etoile du Nord* and *Il Trovatore*, since, without Sig. Ronconi, neither *Guillaume Tell* nor *Rigoletto* could be performed, and both of these operas were in high favour last year. An attempt was made to secure Mdle. Alboni, who was in London for a short time, but the negotiations failed. To pay extravagant terms is unwise, but it is worth some sacrifice to get such an incomparable singer as Alboni, who will be *indispensable* next year, if Grisi is not again to be confined to the stereotyped four parts. Alboni is engaged at the opera in Paris as well as Cruvelli—why not at the Royal Italian Opera?

With respect to the re-engagement of Mad. Grisi, of which we entertain no doubt; for the last few years, the repertoire of the great prima donna has dwindled down to four operas—*Norma*, *Les Huguenots*, *Favorita*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*—and occasionally a fifth—*Don Pasquale*. The public are, however, getting tired of them all, except the *Huguenots*; why not revive *Semiramide*, *La Giza Ladrà*, *Anna Bolena*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*—in all of which Grisi has great parts?

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

"NOTHING new in the musical world. The condition of the Opéra is excellent." Such—to borrow a stereotyped Sebastopol despatch—is the condition of affairs in Paris. Both Operas are full to the roof every night, and no novelty will be produced before the Queen of England pays her long-expected visit. Meanwhile the Exhibition is complete, and Paris is regularly taken by assault, by thousands upon thousands of foreigners and provincials. Every language may be heard in the streets, every form of *patois* may be studied by those who are curious in the various peculiarities of Gallic speech. The weather is lovely, and your Queen will probably enjoy the sunshine which never seems to fail her at every fête and solemnity.

Meanwhile all the world rushes to the theatre of the Porte-Saint-Martin. The attraction consists in a new drama entitled *Paris*, in twenty-six *tableaux*, and with prologue and epilogue. Polonius might well describe it as "tragical, comical, historical, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, and poem unlimited." All writers, whether of time, or place, or character, are laughed at, disregarded, and set at naught. Part of the action takes place on earth, part under the earth; one portion in heaven, another in hell. Statues walk about and converse gravely; tombs open for the convenience of venerable spectres who can a tale unfold; age jostles age; events jibe the heels of events, and historical personages of all sorts elbow each other, amidst the magnificence of a *mise-en-scène* unprecedented in splendour and brilliancy, and in a piece, the action of which extends somewhat over two thousand years. M. Paul Meurice is the author of this play, in the production of which the manager, M. Marc Fournier, has expended upwards of £4,000, independently of the incessant labour he has bestowed on it during the whole of the past six months.

The curtain rises on the foyer of the Opéra, in the year of grace 1855. Two youths, with more valour than discretion, quarrel about a domino, who is intriguing all comers, and fix the Bois de Boulogne as the rendezvous for a duel to be held the following day. "*L'Âme de Paris*," present among the masques, is determined to prevent this unnecessary waste of courage, and can hit on no better plan than that of parading before them in a dream the bloody battles and fratricidal combats of which France has been the theatre from earliest times. The idea is taken from an old friend, *Victorine*; or, *La Nuit porte conseil*, but the execution is both beautiful and poetical. "*L'Âme de Paris*" quits her domino, and reassumes her garb of marble. The foyer disappears, and the city is beheld, calm and peaceful in the stillness of night. "*L'Âme de la France*" descends from her pedestal in front of the Pantheon, and arranges the order of the spectacle with "*L'Âme de Paris*." Both statues then vanish, and the dream begins.

First we have Velléda and Merlin the enchanter. The druidess has two children, of whom the elder, Herimann, is legitimate, and the younger, Fulvius-Marcus is a bastard. The family lives in the midst of constant brawls, and a Druid, delighting in mischief, encourages the paternal quarrels. "Behold the son of your mother's seducer," says he to the Gaul; "regard the son of your father's murderer," he whispers to the Roman, and the brothers are about to engage in deadly fight. Velléda interferes, and offers up herself as an expiating sacrifice, and the enchanter Merlin gives excellent advice to the reconciled brothers.

The next tableau represents the dawn of the Merovingian age. The Roman rule has proved fatal to poor Lutece, and the Parisians are starving. The people murmur, but St. Gennévieve comes to the succour of her good city, and arrives with corn in abundance. Nevertheless the conquerors hold high orgy at the palace *des Thermes*, and we have a splendid tableau of the Romans of the decadence. The courtesan Impéria, reclining on a tiger-skin, offers her cup to the drunken Consul, and the Monads, waving their thyrsi, assume every variety of lascivious pose and gesture. Meanwhile Attila thunders at the gates of

Paris, but, touched by the beauty and grace of Gennévieve, protectress of the city, bows the knee before her, and withdraws his barbarian hordes.

Thus ends the first act. The second opens in the Middle Ages, with a *fête of asses*, a *fête* of which the tradition alone now exists, but which is inexpressibly amusing with its asinine herd wagging their ears and braying in chorus. The scene, which is charmingly painted, represents old Paris at daybreak, and the stage is alive with the clerks, scholars, bourgeois, and gallants of the Middle Ages. Abélard and Héloïse serve the purposes of the drama; but truth to tell, the charming story, so poetically told by Pope, is lowered to the level of a vulgar intrigue. Abélard, as he coolly announces, has had his youthful escapades, and is father of a natural son called Alienor. Héloïse hates this offspring of his love with another, and he is killed in a duel with Goutard. The departure for the Crusades puts an end to the woes of Abélard, and the curtain fortunately falls before Fulbert takes his well-known vengeance.

Joan of Arc follows next in order, and never on any stage has a more magnificent pageant been presented than that representing the *cortège* of Charles VII. proceeding to Notre Dame. No less than five hundred persons appear on the stage, and the costumes are perfect, both as regards historical accuracy and colour and effect. Madame Marc Fournier, who is an admirable antiquarian, and second only to Mr. Planché in knowledge of all belonging to the history of costume, herself designed the dresses and superintended their preparation. The scene terminates with a ballet of *Les Villes de France*, and the Opéra in its best days never produced anything more graceful or charming.

The third act brings us to the Renaissance, and M. Paul Meurice, deeming it essential that royalty and commonalty should have been suckled at the same breast, informs us that the mother of Henry IV. was the nurse of Jean Goujon. We see Catherine de Medici poison Jeanne d'Albret, with a glove prepared by the perfumer René, of execrable memory. Nothing can be more striking than the apparition of phantoms after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Catherine, seated at the balcony of the Louvre, silently gazes on the waters of the Seine, running red with French blood shed by French hands. The ghosts rise in their winding sheets, and pass before her in ghastly and silent array. The Queen, terrified and alarmed, shrieks, and falls fainting to the ground. A splendid transparency of the entry of Henry IV. succeeds this spectral tableau, and finishes the act with *éclat*.

Louis XIV. and La Vallière, Molière and his servant, the gardens of Versailles and the fountains, represent the age of the Grand Monarque. The universal armament of '92, Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, the distribution of eagles at the Champs-de-Mars, that of the Revolution, of the Empire, and the dream is finished. The youths, whose quarrel commenced the piece, are reconciled, and France receives all the nations of the world in a wonderful apotheosis.

To produce this drama and its wonderful *mise-en-scène*, no less than eight painters of no small merit have been at work night and day during several months. Eighteen hundred costumes are due to the charming designs of Madame Fournier, and the numerous ballets sown broadcast through the piece are models of all that is graceful and pretty.

Madame Guyon fills the various rôles of Velléda, Héloïse, Jeanne d'Albret, and Madame Roland, and is admirable in all. Her death scene, as Jeanne d'Albret shewed to what purpose she had studied Rachel in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. She was recalled amidst a tempest of applause in this scene. Mad. Lucie Mabire was an excellent representative of passion, fury, and hate, in the parts of Impéria, Mélusine, and Catherine de Medici. Madame Naptal-Arnaud was a becoming and graceful type of Gennévieve, Jeanne d'Arc, and Charlotte Corday. Madame Delphine-Baron, successively Flamette, Gallina, Marotte, Laforest, Babet, and Grenade, was the true grisette of all times and all régimes, loving, laughing, gay, careless, pretty, *agaçante*, and immortal. Boutin was an excellent image of the bourgeois of all ages; Colbrun, the gamin, the scholar, and the page; Vannay, the hypocrite and the traitor; and, lastly, Deshaies, natural, vivacious, and hilarious, was a charming Jaques Bonhomme. The

piece is now in the full tide of success, and will probably run for two or three hundred nights.

At the Italiens, Madame Ristori has appeared in a lugubrious tragedy entitled *Pia di Tolomei*, written by a modern Italian author on an episode of the *Divina Comedia* of Dante. The same subject had already inspired the Marquis de Bellay, who, some two years ago, wrote a drama which was represented with some success at the Théâtre-Français, under the title of *La Malaria*. The French author wisely presented a short drama to the public; the Italian scribe spins out his action through five dreary acts. A species of Brummagem Iago, in love with Pia, and whose addresses are rejected, determines on revenging himself, and denounces her to her husband as guilty of adultery with some gentleman unknown. The Italian Othello forthwith immures his wife in an old baronial castle, surrounded by pestilential marshes. Here consumption soon sets its grasp upon her, and when the husband, too late enlightened as to his wife's innocence, flies to her rescue, it is too late, and she expires in his arms pronouncing his pardon. The Italian author, Signor Carlo Marengo, during the first four acts presents us with the somewhat revolting spectacle of a husband duped through the most transparent artifices by a low bravo; the last act alone is interesting and dramatic. The Frenchman compressed the first four acts into one, and led at once to the *dénouement*. Madame Ristori has added nothing to her laurels by this new impersonation. Her death scene was too violent, and she seemed to have taken too servile a copy of Rachel. She evidently forgot that while Adrienne Lecouvreur dies from the effect of an active poison, Pia expires after months of gradual exhaustion from consumption. Madame Ristori will do well to return to Mirra and parts of that description, which afford full scope for her fine talent.

At the Variétés, Bouffé continues successful with the *réprie* of the Abbé Galant, a part he created at the Gymnase some fifteen years ago. He is the same unrivalled comedian as ever, and presents us with a charming sketch of an Abbé, sincere, graceful, and candid.

TO MADLLE. RACHEL.

YOUNG foreigner, in whose dark eyes
So much of thought and feeling lies,—
When cheers of triumph swell the while,
How trembling, yet how pleased, thy smile!
Ah! may the laurel wreath which now
So lightly binds thy youthful brow,
Unmixed with thorns,—unstained by tears,—
Be precious still in after years;
May Fate forbear thy hopes to tame,
Nor sever Happiness from Fame;
Thine early day in glory rose,—
Bright as a sunset be its close!

[Addressed to the celebrated French actress, on her first visit to this country, by Mrs. Norton, and published in the "Pocket-Album" of Mr. Albert Schloss.—Ed. M. W.]

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.—This distinguished pianiste has been giving two concerts at Lubiana with the violinist Strauss, which have been beyond measure successful. All the authorities of the city, amongst whom was the governor, and all the nobility assisted at it, testifying their unbounded satisfaction. Miss Goddard played several pieces, but the themes with variations on airs from *Mosè* and *I Puritani* excited the enthusiasm of the audience, who after the concert, assembled to greet the eminent artiste with expressions of esteem and sympathy. She was, moreover, elected an honorary member by the Philharmonic Society. Miss Goddard is now gone to Roitsch, and will thence proceed to Klagenfurt, Marburg, and Ischl, with the intention of giving a series of concerts.—(*Giornale di Trieste*.)

STRAND.—A group of the Spanish dancers, with Senor Marcos Diaz and Mlle. Anna della Fuerte at their head, have been transferred to this theatre and have proved highly attractive. The lady, a pretty and graceful inferiority to La Nena, is nightly complimented, like her compeer, with a coronal of bouquets.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ITINERANT MUSIC-SELLERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have read the letter signed "A Professor of Fourteen Years' Standing" with considerable pleasure. If the profound respect which he entertains for himself and his brother professors is commensurate with the profits he derives by selling music, he is much to be envied, and I should be the last person to advise him to abandon his trade. But he has misunderstood the nature of my remarks: they were not meant as an attempt to raise a cry against my profession—on the contrary, it was their interest which prompted my short note. My purpose was to suggest a course which it appears to me the musical profession must inevitably adopt sooner or later. If they take the initiative, it will be an act of grace on their part; but, if they are compelled to follow the stream against their own efforts, it will be an act of disgrace. We are all commercial men, and I wish the subject of selling music to our pupils to be regarded in a commercial light. This view my respondent evidently takes; his enthusiasm for his fellow craftsmen is to be viewed in the same light as the cry of the poor silversmiths of Ephesus when their trade was threatened—

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Passing over his excusable tenderness, I will proceed to explain what I hinted in four words: "The manner now customary," and which, notwithstanding fourteen years' experience in trading, my brother cannot, or will not, understand.

It is very well known that musical publications can at the present time be bought by professors at something like half the price they paid for them a very few years ago. What enviable profit there must be, the initiated know very well—and the uninitiated will guess. The reduction is to be ascribed principally to competition of trade, aided by the destruction of foreign musical copyrights which the House of Lords effected last year. It would naturally be supposed that a piece of music which involved no outlay but the plates would fall in price to the public. But no; the teachers of music—one and all—raised such a clamour at the suggestion made by some houses to reduce their publications fifty per cent., that the proposition was soon abandoned. Nevertheless the pressure of the public for cheap music was very considerable, and some of the music-sellers, at the risk of losing their professional customers (who threatened to withdraw their account if any concession were made), were bold enough to make an allowance to their retail customers on all their purchases. Others, who were desirous of pleasing both professor and amateur, printed their publications with two title pages. On one a low price was affixed for retail sale; on the other a double price was printed for disposal to the profession. I mention these facts to show that publishers could afford to reduce their prices, and that there was a general demand for it by the public. If the price of music is not generally reduced, and if a disgraceful system of trade is engendered, the musical professor is responsible for both state of things. He is not satisfied with a handsome profit (double the profit on books to the dealer), but, on an opportunity presenting itself when the world may have the advantage of cheap music without disadvantage to him, he, by threats and intriguing, endeavours to maintain an unnecessary high price; and, when at last the man of business gives way to public demand, he compels him to print a publication with a fictitious price to enable him to swallow a dishonest commission, which he would be ashamed to avow. I say dishonest, because the price he charges is not the publisher's price, as it professes to be. I found that a servant of mine—whom I entrusted to make purchases for me—cajoled shopkeepers into writing out accounts at a rate of fifty per cent. above the value of the items, to enable him to pocket that difference. I should certainly not view his conduct as honest, and, without any compunction, dismiss him. There is no difference, in my eyes, between the dishonest steward and the professor who sells music at an unreal price. The pupils will soon discover his cupidity. Many have done it already, but "etiquette" forbids them to notice it. I think I am, therefore, justified in saying "the manner now customary" will turn out neither honourable nor profitable to those who continue to practise it.

As to whether much music is not unnecessarily foisted on pupils, I leave those to judge who have brought up children. Ask any such person whether they have not had to pay for dozens and dozens of expensive pieces which the pupil has never played. It is not uncommon for a young lady to return from school with a portfolio laden with music. The delighted mother views it with joy, and is charmed to think what progress her daughter has made. But when the piano is opened and the infant genius is requested to show off, it turns out she

can hardly play one quarter of the musical library her master has so liberally supplied her with. The remainder is for "practice in the holidays;" but, at the end of the vacation, it is apparent to the disappointed parents that the surplus music was not intended for use (like the razors), but was only a piece of "sharp practice" on the part of the musician.

When the teacher is a composer, the pupil has a good opportunity of fully appreciating her master's original ideas. But, if his works are dull and meaningless, woe betide his unlucky *protégée*. "A Professor of Fourteen Years" does not believe that the composer would ever inflict his effusions on his pupils in this case. Unsophisticated man! has he never been inspired during the fourteen years he has taught the young idea! Perhaps not—and so much the better for his pupils.

I have a friend who believes himself a genius, but who is regarded by his friends as a good fellow without an idea. Well, he spends his leisure moments in composing works, which, but for his pupils, would be entirely devoted to "posterity." He generally brings out three "heavy" works in the course of the year, and his last production was a "Third Symphony," for pianoforte, four hands, dedicated to his pupils, Opus 146. He sold thirty-six copies of it to his pupils, and *not* one to the public. Is it to be assumed that every one of these bought the symphony from real choice, or from a desire to give their master "a turn?" 146 works have been taken up in the same way by generation after generation of students, and as they are all equally meritorious, I leave to calculate the amount of taxes which this man's pupils have paid him because he has a mania to write. I will conclude, trusting that my brother will have changed his mind on the subject of our difference long before he can call himself,

A PROFESSOR OF TWENTY-THREE YEARS STANDING.

THE ORGAN IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The Liverpool Organ appears to have been made the subject of much premature and adverse criticism in many quarters of late; if, therefore, you can spare room for the following few lines, I shall be much gratified.

I had the pleasure of playing upon it about two months ago, when, although not quite complete, a fair estimate might be made of its merits.

In my opinion, as well as that of some others, perhaps better able to determine critically on the subject, it must be considered a masterpiece, both musically and mechanically, and reflects infinite credit on the artist who built it.

When heard in its integrity, I feel confident the instrument will claim the most unqualified praise from all unbiassed judges.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. T. BEST.

98, Regent Street, Aug. 9th, 1855.

"MUSICAL DEGREES."

To the Editor of The Musical World.

SIR,—You have a paragraph in your present number, "abridged from the *Manchester Courier*," which affords us immense delight. Will you indulge us with a little space that we may make mirthful comment on the occasion? We are rejoiced to find that musical degrees are so cheap, on the one hand, that even *we* shall be able to get one; and so dear, on the other, that genius itself will not be likely to afford the price. To explain. We have got through a "*Te Deum*," a "*Jubilate*," and an *Anthem*, and, as a natural consequence, we shall proceed to the Examination Hall of Trinity College, Dublin, and accumulate the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Music, "when our money-tree blows," and its fruits accumulate to the requisite amount. This is what we call the easy part of the business, and "*Manchester*" doubtless agrees with us thus far, seeing that he leads off with Dublin in order, be it supposed, that he may lead on to Oxford with the greater effect—to Oxford, whose *effectual* test is to try the merits of future candidates—to Oxford, whose standard of musical degrees is now to be raised (in proof that it required raising)—to Oxford, which needs to be saved from its friend, "*Manchester*," lest it should be thought to adopt the inflated idea of recommending "*Cambridge*" to look out, if it wishes its degrees to be worth having—because, forsooth, it has just looked out of its own candle-box, and discovered a much larger world beyond than it ever dreamed of, and all lighted with gas into the bargain!

But *Manchester* says "it has long been a matter of complaint that musical degrees have been no sign of merit." To make this

sentence clear, some one or other of the localities named a little further on should have been inserted after the words "Musical Degrees." As it is, we are free to imagine that musical degrees at *Oxford*, or *Dublin*, or *Lambeth*, or *York*, or *Halifax* if you please, have been no sign of merit; but nobody in his senses would imagine that *Cambridge* needs be called upon "*to look out*" of such a quagmire. We abstain from naming individuals, living or deceased, but we have the happiness of knowing that there are and have been men whose merits were so tested at *Cambridge* before they received their honourable diplomas, as to leave little doubt on the minds of real musicians that *Genius* and *Art* might safely publish there their marriage-banns, and there receive connubial benediction, no man forbidding; whilst many a licensed aspirant, with only his purse to recommend him, would be sent empty away—a fact too honourable to *Cambridge* to be forgotten or blown to the winds by the first or the *fiftieth* puff put forth on behalf of *Oxford* regenerators.

But we have hinted at the dearth of a degree at the place for *effectually testing the merits of the candidates*:—and what do we mean? Simply this, that a man of genius may take his exercise to *Oxford*, quail under the sublime ordeal, and sneak away again, with *only the world* to appreciate what *Oxford* may chance to scorn, if the said genius be not rich enough in technical lore, and fishy coolness to work out "in his presence" (the Professor's), and in the required number of parts, a fugue on a subject then to be administered. Who shall say that a man without ears might not stand the best chance of a triumph? Nay, even a man without hands—for there sits a man in *Oxford Street*, who, with only a pair of arm-stumps, daily "works out" equally clever things for his subsistence.

If this is to be the method of raising the musical degrees at *Oxford*, we shall long have to hold on our note of congratulation for *Cambridge*, while she pursues her even tenor, unabashed by supercilious neighbours, and happy in the love of goodly children who shall still go forth to chant the praises of *Alma Mater*, in strains that English hearts at least will ever welcome.

We are, Sir, yours very respectfully,

6th August, 1855.

FIFE AND DRUM.

FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS.

ITALY.—At Naples, Signor Battista's opera, *Anna la Prie*, has been re-produced with success, although the papers are loud and vehement in their condemnation of the singers, who were Mad. Beltramelli, Signori Cecchi, Mongini, and Brignole. They lament the ancient times of San Carlo, when the same opera was written, in 1843, for such singers as Mad. Griutz and Signori Tamberlik, Fraschini, and Beneventano.—At Milan we find that La Scala, which had so long gone a-begging, has at last been taken by a company composed of forty members of the orchestra, represented by Signor Mazzucato, to be assisted by five of their own body. The *Gazzetta Musicale* is enthusiastic on the matter, and predicts immense profits, public favour, and gratitude. The latter are all very well in their place, but we doubt about the profits, and have a strong feeling that the question lies between a theatre and no theatre—that is, bread or no bread—and we have a further opinion that the screw has been twisted pretty tight to bring about the present arrangement, by the paternal government of the Emperor, represented in Milan by the gracious and gentle Radetzki. In vain the unfortunate forty pleaded for a further subvention of 35,000 *lire* (Austrian); it was refused. We, however, heartily wish them success, and shall be delighted to see these forty poor musicians—who have been obliged to deposit their hard-earned savings in the hands of the government to furnish the caution-money necessary to work the Scala—reap an abundant harvest out of the speculation.—The Carcano has closed once more. So much for Austria again. King Cluquot and King Bomba are at least national curses; but Austria in Italy—pshaw!—At the Teatro Rè the *Gazza Ladra* has been followed by *Cenerentola*, but with the same want of success. Apparently, the present race of Italian singers cannot sing Rossini's music.

BERLIN.—The *Neue Berliner-Liedertafel* gave a grand festival, last week, at the Tegeler See, when they performed compositions by Mendelssohn, and others, under the direction of Herr Hermann Krüger. The festival concluded with a display of fireworks.

EMS.—Mad. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt lately gave, in conjunction with Mad. Clara Wieck-Schumann, a concert for the benefit of Herr Robert Schumann, who is again in a state of almost hopeless insanity.

COLOGNE.—A veil of obscurity still hangs over theatrical matters here. Three great and opulent cities, Cologne, Hamburg, and Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, are, at the present moment, incapable of supporting a respectable theatre. The theatre at Leipsic, also, is closed.—The German *Sängerbund*, at Cincinnati, U.S., has just written to congratulate the members of the *Männergesangsverein* on the success they lately achieved in England, and also to request a list of the pieces constituting their repertory. The Association has, in consequence, resolved to forward their Transatlantic brothers a selection of the best compositions in their collection.

ERFURT.—The *Erfurter Musikverein* celebrated its anniversary, under the direction of Herr Taubert, in a brilliant manner, on the 19th ult. Among the pieces performed were the first chorus from *Gideon*, by Herr F. Schneider, the last symphony, in C minor, by Herr Taubert the overture, and "Jägerlied," from *Blaubart*, by the same composer, and Beethoven's concerto in C minor. Dr. Franz Liszt was present.

CREVELD.—The second *Niederrheinisches Musikfest*, will be celebrated here on the 12th and 13th inst. More than 700 singers have already announced their intention of taking part in it.

MUNICH.—Herr Marschner will himself direct the representation of his *Hans Heiling*. Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser* is to be produced immediately.

DREPE.—A concert was given here on the 27th ult., at the Salle des Bains, for the superannuated bathing women, by Madame Catherina Mackenzie, the pianist, which attracted a very crowded audience. Madame Mackenzie's co-operators were M. Bessems, the violinist, and Madlle. Falconi, the talented *cantatrice*. Among other pieces, a sonata by Beethoven, for piano and violin, was executed by Madame Mackenzie and M. Bessems, and Madlle. Falconi sang an air from *Ernani* and another by Pergolesi with striking effect.

REVIEWS.

PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL COSTA, Esq., by Baugniet. Published by Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

A NEARLY full-length likeness of the celebrated conductor, by M. Baugniet, and one of the best executed and most faithful portraits we have seen from the studio of that admirable and spirited draughtsman. The engraving is dedicated to the Sacred Harmonic Society by Messrs. M. and M. Hanhart, the lithographers.

RACHEL AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Thursday night a miscellaneous performance took place at this theatre, under the patronage of the Queen, for the benefit of the French Charitable Association. The entertainments began with Molière's two-act comedy, *Le Dépit Amoureux*. An act from Wallace's *Maritana* (by the Royal Opera company), and a vocal and instrumental concert in which several well-known artists took part were also comprised in the programme. But the great attraction was the second act of Racine's *Athalie*, with Rachel as the old and wicked Queen. In this act occur the celebrated vision, and the equally famous examination of the child, Joas, by Athalie. Rachel with white and silvery locks—Rachel old and haggard! *N'importe*. She was Rachel still, and more than ever incomparable. Whether it was the superior size of the theatre we cannot say. But certainly we never remember to have seen the French tragedian so sublimely great. Madlle. Dinah's Joas could not well be surpassed. The scene of the vision and its sequel is one of the finest in all the tragedies of Racine's. At the end of the performance the house rang with cheers; Rachel was twice recalled; and the stage was strewn with bouquets. It was a leave-taking worthy of the artist and the public.

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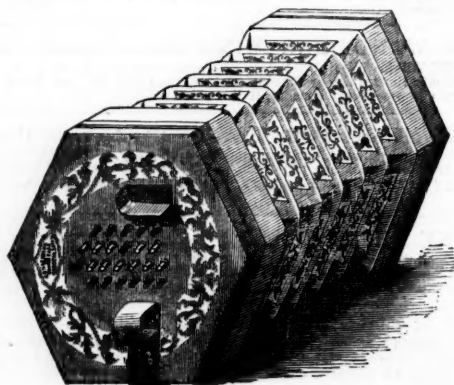
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